

# OCALA EVENING STAR

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H. R. Carroll, General Manager Port V. Leavengood, Business Manager  
J. H. Benjamin, Editor

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## AN EXCELLENT RECOMMENDATION FOR OCALA

That Ocala banks are able to take our city bonds is an excellent recommendation for both the banks and the town.

As already told in the Star, the Commercial Bank of Ocala has taken \$155,000 of city bonds at par. These bonds will enable the city to rebuild its waterworks and put in a sewerage system—two improvements greatly needed, and undertakings that will greatly brace up business in the city as well as fortify its permanent welfare and promote its growth.

A hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars is a good sized sum of money for a town like Ocala, and for the Commercial Bank to be able to furnish it without the least hesitation these hard times speaks well for the solidity of the bank and the extent of its resources.

It is not out of the way to remark at this time that the first \$45,000 of waterworks bonds, issued some years ago when the city purchased the plant, were also taken up by Ocala banks, the Munroe & Chambliss and the Ocala National, placing them without delay. This makes \$200,000 worth of city bonds financed by city banks. Good business arrangements and an excellent recommendation for Ocala and its financial institutions.

## OPINIONS OF AN AMERICAN

A special from Detroit to the New York Herald says: Business interests have brought George Gordon Moore, well known American traction man and sportsman, from the battle front back to the United States. Since last September he has been with the British army in France. He believes the Allies will win.

"The war, I think, will end within one year, the end coming when the munitions of the allied forces are superior to those of the Germans, a condition that is fast becoming a reality under the management of Mr. Lloyd-George," he said. "But there is no finer fighters in the world than the English and Canadian soldiers. Russia is far from done. Her troops are sorely in need of munitions right now, and are getting them.

"Only a small part of the horrors of the war have yet been published. Cruelties beyond the most vivid imagination have been perpetrated, and to my certain knowledge Canadian officers have been nailed to village crosses, crucified by the Germans. And these casualties have continued throughout the war. The gas used by the Germans is the most devilish thing imaginable. I have seen men under the influence of it, and their sufferings are sickening. It dissolves the lungs. The men writhe in terrible pain as though affected by a terrible attack of colic. Their eyes are burned out, and there is simply no escape. They endure the torture for many hours, death being gradual.

"The most remarkable thing that has come under my observation is the fighting of the Canadians at Ypres. The Turcos gave way under the gas attack and the Canadians were surrounded. But they turned their parapets and fought. While they were surrounded by the Germans the Canadians charged and took 1,500 prisoners. One man of every two in that engagement was killed, but the only advantage the Germans gained was the temporary one of forcing back the Turcos."

Mr. Moore praised Sir John French as a great general and Lord Kitchener as a great war secretary.

"Lord Kitchener's business is to raise men," he said. "He is doing that, but there will be compulsory enlistment before the war is over. England cannot obtain enough men without conscription.

"Much is said in the United States of our unpreparedness for war. We simply think that such a calamity cannot be, but it is a wrong idea. In case Germany should win—which I firmly believe will not be the case—she will look with longing eyes to the Western Hemisphere. Within a radius of 175 miles from New York is manufactured most of the munitions of war, and the capture of the railroads would be very simple for any army such as the Germans could land, and then what would the country do? I will tell you, it would sink to the level of China. The unpreparedness of the United States would be a calamity indeed.

"England has as many submarines as Germany, but has nothing to use them on. You cannot fight submarine with submarine, and some way not yet developed must be used. Then, again, the Zeppelins are a failure, and the German taubes fly from British aviators like a hen from a hawk.

"You hear of a 'world peace' with the end of the present strife. It cannot be. How can it be forgotten in this generation or in the next? Those

who hug to their bosom the delusion of peace do not understand the basis of government."

## OPPRESSIVE AND ILLEGAL

Last Saturday a negro named George Thagard was tried in Judge Smith's court for carrying concealed weapons. The jury found him not guilty.

His arrest and trial was another of those irritating incidents of which the people of this county are becoming weary.

Thagard lives near Orange Lake, is generally employed on S. H. Gaitskill's big farm, and is a well-behaved, hardworking man. He was at the Orange Springs colored picnic last week. A deputy sheriff from Ocala was also present, and with him were a couple of negroes of the class that nearly every sheriff's office finds necessary, or thinks is necessary, to employ as spotters. They are generally referred to as pimps, and no man who knows them would accept their unsupported evidence for anything. One of these men told the deputy that Thagard had a pistol. The deputy arrested Thagard and another negro, searched them both, but found no pistol. He then went to the house of another negro with whom Thagard made his home and searched it. He found no pistol, but he brought Thagard to Ocala, where he was kept in jail two days, but on having his trial was found not guilty. Besides the injustice and inconvenience of his arrest, and detention in jail, he had to pay a lawyer a good-sized fee for a poor man to represent him in court.

This arrest was not only contrary to justice and good policy, but many of the things connected with it were contrary to law.

An officer has no right to arrest a man without a warrant if the man is behaving himself, unless he has good reason to believe he has either committed a crime or is about to do so.

If an officer arrests a man on suspicion of his having a concealed weapon, searches him and finds no weapon, he has no right to detain him, unless, of course, he knows or strongly suspects the man is a criminal.

An officer has no right to search a man's house without a search warrant, unless he has good reason to believe the man has intoxicating liquors in his house. It is not against the law for a man to have a pistol in his house—if it is, 95 per cent of the white men in the state are breaking it. In entering the negro's house and searching it, even if he had found a pistol, the deputy committed a much greater offense against the law, which he is sworn to uphold, than the negro would have committed had he had a weapon on him.

The arrest, bringing the negro to Ocala, trial, etc., cost the taxpayers of Marion county, 95 per cent of them whites, several dollars in fees. Its difficult enough for the people of this county to pay taxes for justice. Its a rank imposition to tax them for injustice.

There are negroes who belong to the criminal class, and they are numerous enough to keep the officers busy. Its rotten had policy and rank injustice to interfere with those who are peaceable and industrious, haul them off to Ocala, keep them in jail and make them pay out of their scanty wages to keep from going on the hard roads. And as aforesaid, it is a rank imposition on the white people to make them pay for this sort of policy. It keeps the negroes frightened and irritated, disgusts the white people and gives the censorious northern press a reason for some of the mean things it says about the South.

The article written by Uncle Joe Dixon of the Lakeland Telegram, regarding his recent trip from Live Oak to Ocala is another thing going to show what very narrow estimate a traveler can place on the country by what he sees from the windows of a railway train. In the nature of things, it is generally necessary for a railroad to be laid thru the worst-looking portion of a country, and a traveler can form no proper opinion of what any territory looks like unless he follows the roads along which the people have their homes, their gardens, orchards and fields.

Every time we see a full grown man wearing one of those low, open boys' collars with a flowing tie we feel like grabbing the fly swatter and starting to work—Macon News.

Our sentiments, exactly, brother. We have a skinny neck ourselves. Only a pretty woman or a well built man can afford to wear low-necked and short-sleeved upper rigging.

One of the amiable lies our press used to feed the people with was one that the Emperor of Germany once visited an American circus which was

touring Europe, in order to obtain points on how to entrain and detrain his troops. When one reflects that the average cavalry regiment has three times as many men and animals as the average circus, and that the German army always had from fifty to a hundred cavalry regiments, it's a wonder how any newspaper man ever had the cheek to write such an obvious misstatement. The American people are "fed up" on such yarns, however, and that is one of the reasons why they are so conceited.

## STRIVING STRENUOUSLY TO COMPLETE THE GRAND STAND

Tuesday afternoon, a Star reporter chased himself down the A. C. L. track toward the baseball park, to obtain a view of the new grandstand that is being rapidly finished, to replace the ramshackle structure burned down last winter.

The stand isn't difficult to see—as soon as one passes the curve in the tracks beyond South Third street, it looms up ahead like a tower of Babel. There was no confusion of tongues around it, however, when the reporter arrived, for the bunch at work on it was too busy to talk.

Most of the volunteer laborers had gone home but some were steadily pegging away. Foremost among them was Geo. K. Robinson. If Charlie Hunter is the daddy of baseball in Ocala, George Robinson is the granddaddy. He was the first man to bring a big league team to Florida—had Johnny McGraw and his Giants here for a few weeks a quarter of a century ago. Phosphate had just been discovered and the town was running over with money. One could raise the coin for a picnic or a wake by standing at any corner of the square with his hat held out for ten minutes.

Those good times will come again no more, but Charlie Hunter will have a big league team some day if he has to stand on all four corners at once with a horsepistol in each hand.

Beside Mr. Robinson, there were laboring away Steve Jewett, Charlie Lloyd, Cliff Anderson, R. A. Woods and, of course, Charlie Hunter. Jake Gerig, E. C. Bennett and some other prominent citizens whose names the reporter didn't obtain, had just knocked off and gone down town to put arnica on their lily-white hands.

The grandstand is at the northeast corner of the baseball park. It is decidedly the biggest and will be the best-looking grandstand in this part of the state. It will hold—well, if it can be filled a few times, the ball team will be on easy street as far as finances are concerned. When it is finished, it is to be hoped that the Coast Line engines will put the soft pedal on their spark ejectors when they pass.

The workmen are putting in their best licks on it today, and various public spirited citizens are helping them. It will be in good shape for occupancy tomorrow, when the Starline nine comes to play against the home team. Let everybody go out and see the new grandstand and the game.

## NOT THE MIDDLE OF THE YEAR

One might think that today, June 30th, which ends the first half of the calendar year, would naturally be the middle of the year, but such is not the case. Tonight 181 days will have passed in this year, and there are 184 days in the other "half" yet.

If a certain editor in Florida could be induced to join either the "allies" or the "Teutons" the war in Europe would soon be brought to a termination. We have never yet received a copy of his paper but what it emitted fire and brimstone and heaped coals of fire on the head of some unfortunate. My, but Albert must have an awful disposition.—Orlando Sentinel.

Albert writes fierce and can fight, if he has to, but he is one of the kindest-hearted men in the state. He has made some wounds, but only the recording angel knows how many he has tried to heal.

"Old friends, old wines, old books are best." One of our business men was sleepy Monday morning because he sat up late Sunday night to read Ivanhoe for the nineteenth time. Monday night, a citizen had to almost take a club to his strapping son to make him lay down "The Headless Horseman" and go to bed at 11 o'clock.

If the common people of America will only learn to work for each other and work together, they can have anything they want.

Why sneer at Slaton's remark that he would rather spend the remainder of his days between the plow handles than have the blood of an innocent man on his hands? It is true that Slaton is a rich man and in no danger of having to be a ploughman. But who among us will come out and say he would allow an innocent man to hang before he would sentence himself to a lifetime of hard work?

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## Runaway June

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

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By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

## SYNOPSIS.

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be entirely dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches desperately for June, and, learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist, who uses her as a model for "The Spirit of the Marsh." Mrs. Durban becomes jealous and drives June out. She is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham. June is taken by Blye to the boarding house of Mrs. Russell. She escapes, gets a job sewing and engages a cheap room in a tenement. The failure of another woman's attempt to be independent and a home maker opens June's eyes. Blye finds June in the tenement.

## FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

"At Last, My Love!"

## CHAPTER I.

AT the moment that Blye met June Ned Warner was springing up the stairs, his jaws set and his fists clinched.

It was thus that Ned Warner had, after all his weary pursuit, found his bride—in the presence of Gilbert Blye! Behind Ned came the runaway June Warner's stern faced father and gentle faced mother; came Iris Blithering, June's bosom friend; Bobbie Blithering, husband of Iris; came Marie, June's high cheek boned maid, with her friend and admirer, Officer Dowd; came fat old black Aunt Debby, panting and out of breath and shrieking for her Miss June; came that handsome and energetic colie, Bouncer, leaping and barking and encouraging the excitement with all his canine might.

For only an instant Ned Warner stood nonplused before the door of the room; then he seized a chair, and, striding to the door, he swung the chair, while the others of the little throng, which had piled in after him, fell back.

Beyond the door the dark, handsome man with the black Vandike had led



"The viper!" hissed Honoria Blye.

the beautiful little runaway bride to a heavy man with thick lidded eyes and a round head bristling with short hair. He sat in a chair, and in his hands was money. He rose as June was led up to him, and into her hands he thrust the money. Then he smiled at her, while Gilbert Blye stepped back, snarling and stroking his black Vandike with his long, lean white fingers.

June shrank from the fat hands which were about to be clasped upon her shoulders and from that wide, thick smile upon the face of the heavy man and, laughing nervously, turned to Gilbert Blye, who bent his dark, handsome head above her and spoke to her in his low voice.

Crash!

The door soliloqued and gave way and through it burst the wild eyed Ned Warner, his jaw set and his fists clinched. For a second he stood bewildered by the strange light which flooded this large room; then, with an oath, he sprang for the black Vandike man. He clutched his fingers around the throat and, with a savage roar, bore Gilbert Blye to the floor. The runaway bride uttered shriek after shriek.

At the door downstairs there stopped an electric coupe, driven by a sharp featured woman with a long nose and high arched brows. She jumped out, and from the dim hallway there came a short, thick man with a short, thick stub of a cigar in one corner of his

mouth. It was the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf.

"Got him, Mrs. Blye!" he triumphant ly hushed. "Your husband is right upstairs—with the girl!"

"The viper!" hissed Honoria Blye and dashed into the dim hallway.

Bill Wolf caught her as she started up the stairs.

"Not so fast, madam!" he called and laid hold of her arm. "This way, please."

"But my husband! The girl, June!"

"They're here all right, and they can't get away. Here's your pictures, man, and here's your bill."

He handed her a large roll of paper and two photographs, one of Gilbert Blye and one of June Warner.

Upstairs there was a scene of wild confusion. The runaway bride, her mother, Iris Blithering and the vivacious Tommy Tommas were screaming in hysteria, while the heavy man with the thick eyelids and the man with the white mustache and Bobbie Blithering and half a dozen other men rushed upon the fiercely struggling men on the floor.

"My husband!" shrieked June. "My husband!" And she ran around and around the excited pack of scrambling men, followed by the leaping, barking Bouncer.

Into this tumultuous scene there rushed Marie and Officer Dowd and fat old black Aunt Debby just as Bobbie by main strength dragged from Gilbert Blye the maddened assailant who had sprung upon him.

Gilbert Blye rose feeling of his throat, and for a moment he contemplated Ned Warner with dazed bewilderment; then a flush of anger came into his cheeks, and his black eyes blazed.

"Let him go!" he yelled, and, thrusting the heavy Edwards out of his way, he made a mad rush for the man who had attempted to strangle him.

It was huge Officer Dowd who this time jumped in between the two furious combatants and, with the aid of half a dozen young men, prevented the desperate encounter which would have ensued.

(Continued on Last Page)

## The Servant

## Question

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